THE

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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THE FUTURE OF SOCIETY.

AN American, visiting Europe, notices how completely there the various functions of the social body are performed. He finds a servant, an officer, a skilled workman at every place. From the position of the stone-breaker on the highway, up to that of the highest government official, every post is filled; every personal want of the traveler or the citizen is attended to. Policemen guard him in the streets, lackeys watch for his bidding at the hotels, railroad officials with almost superfluous care forward him on his way. As compared with American railroad management, the great English roads probably have four employés to our one. This plenitude of service results from three things, viz., density of population, which gives an abundant working class; cheapness of labor; and the aristocratic formation of society that tends to fix persons in the caste to which they were born. The effect is to produce a smoothness in the social movement—an absence of jar and friction, and a release in many cases from anxious, personal outlook, that are very agreeable. The difference between English and American life in respect to the supply of service is like that between riding on a highly-finished macadamized way, where every rut is filled and every stone is removed, and picking one's way over our common country roads.

Another thing that the traveler observes in Europe is the abundance every-where of works of art. One's sense of beauty is continually gratified: now with a finished landscape, now with a noble building, now with statues, monuments and paintings. This immense accumulation of art springs in part of course from the age of the nations where it is found; but it is also due in a very great degree to the employment given to artists by persons of wealth and leisure. Painting, sculpture and architecture have always had constant, and sometimes munificent, patrons in the nobility and the established church.

Observing these things abroad, the American asks himself whether the institutions of this country are likely to produce in time any similiar result here. Shall we have the finished organization, the mutual service, and the wealth of art that characterize European society? Before answering this, let us first ask ourselves whether it is desirable that we should have them in the same manner that they exist abroad? Certainly not. No American would be willing to pay the price which England pays for her system of service. The most painful thing which one sees abroad is the utter absence of ambition in the class of household servants. Men who in this country would be looking to a seat in the legislature, and who would qualify themselves for it, there dawdle away life in the livery of some noble, in smiling, aimless, do-nothing content, and beget children to follow in their steps. On seeing these servile figures, the American thanks heaven that the ocean rolls between his country and such a system. Rather rudeness, discomfort, self-service and poverty, with freedom and the fire of aspiration, than luxury purchased by the enervation of man.

Still, cannot we have the good without the bad? Cannot we match Europe in culture and polish without sacrificing for it our manhood? And if so, what are the influences in this country that are working in that direction? In answering this question, we have to say, frankly, that we see nothing in democracy alone that promises to produce the result under consideration. In a country where every one is taught to disdain a situation of dependence, where the hostler and the chambermaid see the way opened for them to stand even with the best in the land, if they will but exercise their privilege of "getting on," there will be no permanent or perfect service. And so long as every man's possessions are divided and scattered at his death there will be no class having the secured leisure and the inducement to form galleries of art. Why should John Smith take pains to decorate his house with works of art, when he knows that within a year after his death it will be administered upon by the probate court, and sold with its furniture for the benefit of his ten children?

In a word, looking at the esthetic side of things, our American system must be confessed to be not yet quite perfect. Invaluable as it is for schooling men to independence and aspiration, it requires, to complete its usefulness, another element. The Republic has a sequel. That completing element, that sequel, is Communism. Communism supplies exactly the conditions that are wanting in the social life of America, and which it must have if it would compete with foreign lands in the development of those things which give ease and grace to existence.

For instance, in respect to service: Communism, by extinguishing caste and honoring labor, makes every man at once a servant and lord. It fills up, by its capacity of minute organization, all the social functions as completely as the European system does, while, unlike that, it provides for each individual sufficient leisure, and frequent and improving changes of occupation. The person who serves in the kitchen this hour may be experimenting with a microscope or giving lessons on the piano the next. Applying its combined ingenuity to social needs, Communism will find means to consign all repulsive and injurious labor to machinery. It is continually interested to promote labor-saving improvements. The service that is performed by brothers and equals from motives of love will be more perfect than that of hired lackeys, while the constantly varying round of occupation granted to all will form the most perfect school for breadth of culture and true politeness. Thus Communism achieves through friendship and freedom that which the Old World secures only through a system little better than slavery.

In the interest of art and the cultivation of the the beautiful, Communism again supplies the place of a hereditary aristocracy and a wealthy church. A Community family, unlike the ephemeral households of ordinary society, is a permanent thing. Its edifice is not liable to be sold at the end of every generation, but like a cathedral descends by unbroken inheritance. Whatever is committed to it remains, and is the care of the society from century to century. With a home thus established, all the members of a Community are at once interested to gather about it objects of art. It becomes a picture-gallery and a museum, by the natural accretion of time, and by the zeal of persons who know that every embellishment added to their home will not only be a pleasure to them personally, but will remain to associate them with the pleasure of future beholders in all time to come.

Thus, in Communism we have the conditions that are necessary to carry this country to the summit of artistic and social culture. By this route, we may at one bound outstrip the labored attainments of the aristocracies of the Old World. The New-York Central Park shows what can be achieved by combination on the democratic plan, for a public pleasure-ground. No other park is equal to it. Let this principle of combination be extended to the formation of homes as well as to municipal affairs, and we shall simply dot this country over with establishments as much better than those of the nobles of England as they are better than those of a day-laborer. We say better, for they will make art and luxury minister to universal education, and they will replace menial service with downright brotherhood. Such must be the future of American society.

RESPONSES TO THE "APPEAL FOR UNION."

LETTERS FROM SHAKER SOCIETIES.

THE "Appeal for Union" addressed to the religious Communities of the United States, and published in the first number of the AMERICAN SOCIALIST, is receiving attention. Unity is always a thing of growth, and we are not so sanguine as to expect that there will be perfect accord between the various Communistic Societies next week or even next year; but such letters as we publish below, from Oliver Prentiss of the Mt. Lebanon Community and from the accomplished pen of Elder Geo. Albert Lomas, Editor of the organ of the United Society of Shakers, will do much to help on the good work:

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., April, 1876.

EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:

Among my earliest recollections is hearing the boys, in the Province of Quebec, recount with patriotic enthusiasm the valorous achievements of Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham.

The next little historic reminiscence is the boys in the streets throwing up their hats and shouting, "Hurrah! for King George—George Washington's dead!"

Finding myself in a queer sort of a world, I cast about for its *central idea,* and was not long in making the sublime discovery that the masses were revolving around the idea MATRIMONIAL—not inaptly described in a doggerel, to wit:

"My wife, she is a fruitful vine,
And children round the room,
Each like a greasy Indian shine,
And larn to make a broom."

Glory enough for that day; but that was three quar-

ters of a century ago. Humanity is in process of transition. The paternity and maternity—especially the maternity—of that plane involve too much *drudgery* for the refined sensibilities of ladies and gentlemen of this progressive age. 'Twould seem that through the logic of events advanced types of our common humanity are being educated, disciplined for SOCIALISM and scientific REPRODUCTION, in pursuance of *physiological laws*.

Is that the end of it—the *ne plus ultra?* Will aspiring minds rest there? Will not the practiced eye discover a beyond?

Blessed are the pure in heart! The pure in *heart* are pure in *life*. Blessed are the *pure*—they *see* GOD—don't have to wait till nobody knows when.

The next advance, in the up-grade of sublime, limitless elevation, brings us to the *virgin purity of angels*. The *desideratum* need not be deferred. The divine purity, the contemplation of which has thrilled every holiest fiber of our being, from earliest childhood, is attainable here and now.

Though an obscure individual of the last century, I have an interest in the progress of the age. To lift humanity from its diverse planes of degradation requires a diversity of instrumentalities. Even the iconoclast, who cuts and slashes indiscriminately in all directions, may be acting his part assigned. Age, discipline and taste exempt *me* from serving in that brigade.

Some friend, to me unknown, has had the politeness to send me No. 1 of the AMERICAN SOCIALIST. I find in it much to approve. It takes an elevated position. If it maintains that position it will do much good—will command the respect of the best minds of the age.

OLIVER PRENTISS.

The reader will notice that the letter of Elder Lomas is mainly directed to the Oneida Community, though addressed to the AMERICAN SOCIALIST, which aims to be the organ of general Socialism rather than of any particular Community:

Watervleit, N. Y., April 10, 1876.

EDITORS SOCIALIST:—Your "new departure" strikes me most favorably. I think I see in it the upspringing of a movement that is destined to draw more attention to communistic principles than all other means hitherto employed. The enterprise is a noble one; and the zeal you manifest truly grand and philanthropic—"worthy of all acceptation" and commendation. My feelings were sympathetically aroused on reading *the appeal* "To American Communities;" and being a member of one of the societies named in the appeal, I immediately felt an impulse to respond thereto.

Your familiarity with Shaker history has, doubtless, given you complete assurance of the tenacity with which we hold to that old-time axiom: "Never leave a certainty for a hope;" but the logic of events, as well as Mr. Pitt's appeal, is certainly summoning us to decide now or in the near future, whether the staid, recluse and non-progressive policy, which we have hitherto pursued, has been the acme of wisdom. And this is not a question which we can defer at pleasure, but one that irrepressibly urges itself. Mr. Pitt is very consistent, and unusually liberal; none but the very morose could find fault with his propositions. The Oneida Community is practically engaged in many religious pursuits identical with those of our own. Mutually discarding, as we must for the present, certain peculiarities of each other's systems, are we not yet committed to mutual admiration and competition in points wherein we agree? And these are not few.

You are thoroughly familiar with our doctrine and practice concerning sexual intimacies. Herein we shall probably disagree, until the error, in whomsoever it exists, shall pass away. Indeed, this disagreement has dug a gulf between our Communities deeper and wider than has ever existed between us and monogamists.

While we are forced to admire your agreement with us in so many general principles, and respect you sincerely for whatever you find to admire in our system, we, to be candid with you, are not yet sufficiently liberal to acknowledge what is admirable in yours, nor to meet you half way even to confer on the subject. I candidly believe you love us more than we do you; and until we are more liberal we shall continue to prefer death without your assistance to living by your most loving efforts!

Now, friends, I am not at all disposed to cast the least doubt upon the sincerity of our own people, as I know that their previous coldness arose from *motives* the best and purest. Brought up, personally, under the same instructions, I imbibed the same hearty prejudice, with a similar sincerity. This might have continued to the end of life had not business thrown me upon your hospitality, where the utmost freedom and assistance was given me for a thorough investigation of your principles and practice. My conclusions were, that there were very many things in your household which we could well afford to imitate, to our own benefit and the greater glory of God. I was not in the least converted to the superiority of your sexual system; but even in this I was satisfied that you were very, *very* far in advance of those living in the best marital relations, and with whom we pretty freely associate. Will you be offended when I say that I am still as firm as ever in my conviction that our virgin estate is superior, as a heavenly practice, to your complex relations? Nevertheless, I wish you as much success toward the heavenly as you can possibly attain. My belief has been, and still is, that only that which is pure can be abiding; and that those who live corruptly will of necessity live very inharmoniously. I have wondered at your endurance as a Community; you having lasted already longer by a quarter of a century than I had supposed you could, or than you certainly ought if you were as corrupt as I had thought. Now, seeing you have not yet lowered your colors at the bidding of our prejudice—seeing you continue to keep up good courage, and are even braver in your middle age than in your youth, I am certainly puzzled. And I propose, if you are going to live forever, to induce you to accept as much Shakerism as you can, and hasten three-fourths of the way toward us, that we may embrace you! To this end, I mean to place the principles of Shakerism in such a clear, attractive light that our great differences may entirely disappear, and a complete conversion be the consequence! Are you ready? Have you any serious objections to being converted? But please don't ask *us* similar questions just yet.

I am a lover of Shaker principles, and unable to admit the existence of any thing superior, as a basis of religious life; and I know of nobody in all Shakerdom living in closer accord with them. Yet I am constrained to pray, with our entire body, that the Lord may do something for us soon, to save us from entire declension; I mean, that He may bring people under a conviction of their sins, and to feel the need of our principles to save them from further sinning. And while I pray, "What shall we do to be saved?" I see my prayer ascending to heaven, and then returning, greatly improved, in this wise—"What are you willing to do to save yourselves?" I am one who believes that there is nothing in Shaker principles to provoke sleepiness, dreaminess or unprogressiveness in their adherents. But to my mind, our asceticism should ere this have turned out many more bright, admirable and even unequaled examples for worldly eyes to rest upon. Self-denials have not been wanting; but the improvement of the whole "temple of God" has not been carried on as it ought. Our ascetic seclusion, if seclusion alone could have done it, should have made us preëminent in some peculiar direction; while in general *all* that is progressive in goodness should in no case have been wanting. We may well ask ourselves—Are these things so? We have really gained much territory from our greatest human foe—the lust of the flesh—by our continued and loved practice of celibacy; but we may have failed to build upon this conquered soil all that would elevate and beautify and spiritualize life, and bring about what, according to our own demands, the Kingdom of Heaven on earth should be. The rebuke may sometime come to us in the kindly method of the heavens: "All these ye should have done, and not left so very much unaccepted and undone!"

With your permission, I may come and see you again.

Yours, G. A. LOMAS.

The Shakers, as we have elsewhere shown, have stood at the head of the Socialistic movement of this country. They are the Centennial Socialists. From 1776—the era of our national Revolution—the Shakers have been established in this country; first at two places in New York; then at four places in Massachusetts; at two in New Hampshire; two in Maine; one in Connecticut; and finally two in Kentucky and two in Ohio. In all these places prosperous religious Communism has been modestly and yet loudly preaching to the nation and the world. New England and New York and the great West have had actual Phalanxes before their eyes for nearly a century. And in all this time what has been acted on our American stage has had England, France and Germany for its audience. The example of the Shakers has demonstrated, not merely that successful Communism is subjectively possible, but that this nation is free enough to let it grow. Who can doubt that this demonstration was known and watched in Germany from the beginning; and that it helped the successive experiments and emigrations of the Rappites, the Zoarites and the Eben-Ezers? These experiments were evidently echoes of Shakerism, growing fainter and fainter, as the time-distance increased. Then the Shaker movement with its echoes was sounding also in England, when Robert Owen undertook to convert the world to Communism; and it is evident enough that he was really a far-off follower of the Rappites, whose ready-made village he took possession of at New Harmony. France also had heard of Shakerism, before St. Simon or Fourier began to meditate and write Socialism. These men were nearly contemporaneous with Owen, and all three evidently obeyed a common impulse. That impulse was the sequel and certainly in part the effect of Shakerism. Thus it is no more than bare justice to say, that we are indebted to the Shakers more than to any or all other Social Architects of modern times. Their success has been the solid capital that has upheld all the paper theories, and counteracted the failures, of the French and English schools. It is very doubtful whether Owenism or Fourierism would have ever existed, or if they had, whether they would have ever moved the practical American nation, if the facts of Shakerism had not existed before them and gone along with them.

But to do complete justice we must go a step further. While we say that the Rappites, the Zoarites, the Ebenezers, the Owenites, and even the Fourierites are all echoes of the Shakers, we must also acknowledge that the Shakers are the far-off echoes of the PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Will not the Harmonists, the Eben-Ezers, the Zoarites, the Communists at Aurora and Bethel, and other socialistic organizations, follow the lead of our Shaker friends in presenting their several views on the great question of the reörganization and perfection of society, and make the AMERICAN SOCIALIST their common medium and exponent? If such presentation does not result in mutual conversions, it will remove prejudices and give an intelligent understanding of one another's position, which is scarcely less important.

MOUNT LEBANON COMMUNITY.

AS SEEN AND DESCRIBED BY WM. HEPWORTH DIXON.

Mount Lebanon is the chief home and center of a celibate people, founded by Ann Lee. No Dutch town has a neater aspect, no Moravian hamlet a softer hush. The streets are quiet; for here you have no grog-shop, no beer-house, no lock-up, no pound; of the dozen edifices rising about you—work-rooms, barns, tabernacles, stables, kitchens, schools, and dormitories—not one is either foul or noisy; and every building, whatever may be its use, has something of the air of a chapel. The paint is all fresh; the planks are all bright; the windows are all clean. A white sheen is on every thing; a happy quiet reigns around. Even in what is seen of the eye and heard of the ear, Mount Lebanon strikes you as a place where it is always Sunday. The walls appear as though they had been built only yesterday; a perfume, as from many unguents, floats down the lane; and the curtains and window-blinds are of spotless white. Every thing in the hamlet looks and smells like household things which have been long laid up in lavender and rose-leaves.

The people are like their village; soft in speech, demure in bearing, gentle in face; a people seeming to be at peace, not only with themselves, but with nature and with heaven. Though the men are oddly attired—in a sort of Arab sack, with a linen collar, and no tie, an under vest buttoned to the throat and falling below the thighs, loose trousers rather short, and broad-brimmed hat, nearly always made of straw—they are grave in aspect, easy in manner, with no more sense of looking comic in the eyes of strangers than either an English judge on the bench or an Arab sheikh at his prayer. The women are habited in a small muslin cap, a white kerchief wrapped round the chest and shoulders, a sack or skirt dropping in a straight line from the waist to the ankle, white socks and shoes; but apart from a costume neither rich in color nor comely in make, the sisters have an air of sweetness and repose which falls upon the spirit like music shaken out from our village bells. After spending a few days among them, seeing them at their meals and at their prayers, in their private amusements and in their household work, after making the personal acquaintance of a score of men, and of a dozen women, I find myself thinking that if any chance were to throw me down, and I were sick in spirit, broken in health, there would be few female faces, next after those of my own wife and kin, that would be pleasanter to see about my bed. Life appears to move on Mount

Lebanon in an easy kind of rhythm. Order, temperance, frugality, worship—these are the Shaker things which strike upon your senses first; the peace and innocence of Eden, when contrasted with the wrack and riot of New-York. Every one seems busy, every one tranquil. No jerk, no strain, no menace, is observed, for nothing is done, nothing can be done in a Shaker settlement by force. Every one here is free. Those who have come into union came unsought; those who would go out may retire unchecked. No soldiers, no police, no judges, live here; and among the members of a society in which every man stakes his all, appeal to the courts of law is a thing unknown. Unlike the Syrian Lebanon, she has no Druse, no Maronite, no Ansayri, no Turk, within her frontier; peace reigns in her councils, in her tabernacles, in her fields.

KINGDOM COME.

[Written after reading Mr. Nordhoff's book.]

I.

TO THE COMMUNES.

"See how these Christians love one another!"

I.

Blessed are ye who *do*
While others only talk!
Blessed your daily walk
Of labor and of love!
While others only coo
In sickly sentiment
About the Good Time Coming,
Your baptism from above
Makes Life a Sacrament
And Home the Kingdom Come.

II.

There be who grandly prate;
But the better even their unction
The more they need injunction
As nought but cymbals tinkling!
Go to!—we cannot wait
Until Death's door for Heaven!
About its sometime coming
Ye give us loud-mouthed inkling;
But to none of you is given
To preach the Kingdom Come.

III.

And Skeptics! what have we
To show for love of kind?
We only sow the wind;
Beware!—for we must reap!
Lo! for the most we be
But merest tearers down—
False friends o' th' Good Time Coming!
Go to! the noise we keep
These still small voices drown
Who sound the Kingdom Come.

IV.

Blessed are ye who *do*
While others only talk!
Oh may your daily walk
Teach good hearts every-where
That only *that* is true
Which is wrought out and done.
So, 'stead of Good Time Coming,
May praise absorb all prayer,
Wherever shines the sun—
Praise for the Kingdom Come.

II.

TO ALL GOOD PEOPLE.

"Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of man."

I.

Hearts of Humanity
Of whatsoever creed!
The greatest human need
To-day is Brotherhood.
Shall these few Communes be
The only Heavens on earth?
When is your Good time Coming?
God knows 'tis time it should
Be dawning!—What say ye?
When will your Kingdom Come?

II.

Ho!—group as best ye can,
And let each clan agree
On some great Unity
And unmistakable chief—
The truly kingly Man,
Or real royal Woman—
Full of the Good Time Coming:
Trust and obey:—in brief,
Evolve the highest human,
And hail the Kingdom Come.

III.

Christians and Infidels!
Liberals! Conservatives!
Is there a soul that lives
Among you who dares prate
Our land's not full of hells?
Unite your several ranks,
And fight for the Good Time Coming.
Combine—Coöperate—
Look well to fronts and flanks,
And conquer Kingdom Come.

IV.

Try—try—and try again
Although i' th' strife ye die!
Ho! raise your banners high,
Each with its own communion
Device, but one i' th' main.
Duteous yet free, each honey bee
May sip the Good Time Coming,
If in its hive be union.
Brothers! the watchword is "Agree!"
And lo! the Kingdom Come.

VINELANDER.

April 12, 1876.

WALLINGFORD LETTER.

April 17, 1876.

I ALLUDED in a former letter to the benefits which have accrued to the O. C. by the possession of this Connecticut branch. What have they been? An answer to this question might have some interest as exhibiting a feature of experimental Communism, if I could give it without being offensively "self-complacent and egotistical." Abashed at that criticism, I still venture.

Financially, the W. C. has not been a profit to the mother Community. It has not paid so far as money is concerned. The economy of combination holds good as between the Communes. If we should all go home to Oneida it would be a measure of retrenchment. The O. C. has realized indeed, in other instances when occasion has made it convenient to sustain a separate household (as once for awhile in New Haven to board her students, and at another time in New-York to make a home for her business agents, and for many years at Willow-Place, a mile from the family mansion, to accommodate members working in the trap- and silk-works located there), that there is great waste in dividing—that it is as when the Queen's children marry, a new household involves an expensive appropriation. We should save money and make money by consolidating. The general subsistence account would not only be reduced, but the industrial force here would make more money in the O. C. businesses than it does in its own. So it has been for other advantages than pecuniary profit that this Commune has been cherished so long. These advantages may be summed up in two words—Health and Education.

We could afford to sustain this Commune at considerable material loss for the benefit it is to the Community health in the way of *change*. Communities are essentially domestic. They have much to make them contented with home, and they exist only by a certain degree of seclusion from other society. A few business men go abroad, but the mass of the people have no occasion. Nevertheless, change is healthy, and by this arrangement of two families, widely separated and differing in many conditions, the members of the O. C. get the benefit of change without going away from home.

Wallingford is three hundred miles from Oneida, distant enough to make considerable change of climate and scenery, and local influences of every kind, visible and invisible. It is a hundred miles south; the winter is less rigorous; the spring is earlier. Tide water sets up the Quinnipiac river to within three or four miles of the W. C. dam, and you may see Long Island Sound in clear weather from the top of Mount Tom, on the slope of which we live. So it is a change to the sea-shore as you may say, coming from Oneida here. We are so near the sea-shore at least, that going there is the great summer attraction for all the inhabitants round about; an attraction received from their forefathers, to whom a clam-bake in its season was almost a religious rite. Connecticut oysters and clams are famous far as well as near. The W. C. early discovered their sweetness, and proving impressible to the many other attractions of the sea-side, have followed the example of their neighbors. Every summer, by parties, the whole family has gone to "Long Beach" (not "Long Branch!") and spent several days. For many years a tent served their purpose. Set up in a grove close by the breakers, it was not without some charms; but all were thankful when hired rooms could be afforded, and still more thankful when two years ago there was chance to buy a little beach and put up a cottage of our own. By this connection, the O. C. touches the salt-water with its renovating baths and breezes, and the effect on the family health is quite appreciable. Last summer one of the young folks was sent to "Cozicot" (the sea-side house of this Community), and by living there for several weeks dispelled entirely incipient symptoms of consumption.

But though I have mentioned it first, proximity to the sea is simply one incident of the change. The change is from cultivated plains to hills and woods. Our view here is bounded by a circle of elevations, six of which have acquired a name for their aspiring peaks: the Three Sisters on the east; Mt. Besec and Mt. Lamentation on the north; the Hanging Hills west of north, very picturesque, Mt. Tom behind us, shortening our afternoon; and Mt. Carmel on the south. As to the woods, Connecticut seems to be retrograding from a state of cultivation to primeval forest. The colonists took the land as they found it on the coast, but since railroads have opened the fair West ambitious young farmers have forsaken their paternal acres and gone where weeds and stones are less interminable, and the consequence is that Connecticut is not only hard-featured but shaggy-bearded, compared with the smooth-faced land on the Mohawk as we see it on our route.

But what is more than change of scenery or climate is the change from a large Commune to a small one. It would be difficult to tell in how many ways this alters your condition. Perhaps if I should try to tell I should betray that I am partial to the smaller family, and somebody would say then that I am getting sick of Communism; but if I think that three hundred are too many for one home I would not have the number less than sixty. It is a choice, perhaps, between grace and power. The evolutions of the smaller family are more graceful; those of the larger more powerful. The evening meeting here is easy and conversational. You do not have to raise your voice to be heard. The meeting at O. C surpasses in impressiveness and electrical power. Family affection is more demonstrative in the lesser Commune. You see every body every day, and pass the word of kindness; at O. C. it is a great comfortable influence rather than an expression.

Your routine of employment is changed by coming here. You have been a helper in the children's department perhaps at O. C. The place is attractive to you, and you have made yourself indispensable there, but you look worn, and folks think you should have a change and send you to W. C. Here you do a little of this and a little of that, and prove the doctrine true that it is change of exercise and not dropping it altogether that keeps you in order.

In the large Commune the distances are greater—as to the dining-room for instance—and there is more living upstairs, on which account convalescents are sometimes sent here, and persons who are half sick or disabled in any way. So with persons depressed under affliction, or suffering from morbid tendencies. Living more on the first floor, and being less embarrassed by visitors here than on the grounds of O. C., it is easier to get out of doors, which in many cases is of great importance. The change has wrought wonders and caused us often to say, What a blessing to have the W. C.!

Now in respect to the other use which this Commune has served, that of educational feeder to the O. C. We have spoken of its proximity to the salt water, but its proximity to Yale College has been worth more than that. By its favorable situation the Community has been able to educate some dozen of its young men at New Haven and at the same time board them at home—an opportunity to be appreciated by a family of ordinary means, but one too which the richest could not but covet. What father and mother would not be glad to send their sons to college and still keep them at home?

One route from O. C. to W. C., and quite as cheap as any, is through New-York city, which gives our young travelers an excursion on the Hudson, a visit to the Central Park, and enough of the emporium to take off the "ragged edge" of their rusticity at least.

Personal influence is stronger in the small family than in the large, and the young folks living here for a term come under more direct attention to their habits and spirit. Generations of boys and girls have developed strong, earnest characters, habits of order, industry, simplicity and sincerity under the personal influence of the fathers and mothers of this Commune, men and women fitted for examples and guides. As a school itself the W. C. has been invaluable to the mother Community.

The system of daily journals and reports between the Communes has kept the study of phonography always active, and has trained the young in writing. By this system the O. C. has accidentally preserved a minute record of all its doings and happenings for twenty-five years past, which is often convenient for reference, and will afford material for a history should it ever be written.

None of these advantages were forecast. They have been accepted as providential. But experience has taught us that the large Commune should have a small one as complement, and in every case that two are better than one. Dualty is the universal law. It is not good that a Commune even should be alone. H. H. S.

H. H. S. may have her preference, but it is too soon to reason from the experiment of Communism which she is acquainted with, as to the normal size of a perfect home. In reasoning on that question it must be assumed, in the first place, that the internal harmony is complete; and then it must be assumed that the means for making the home what it should be externally are unlimited—that the mansion, for instance, shall be furnished with elevators, speaking-tubes, deadened floors and walls, assembly rooms constructed on scientific principles for hearing, etc., etc. Under these conditions the evolutions

of the larger Commune would be easy and majestic too. Would it not have the grand resources of numbers and the cozy quietness of a select few?

A LETTER from Oregon in the *Lutheran Observer* gives the following account of a Community in that State:

"From East Portland to Aurora is twenty-five miles. Here is another Lutheran church, which is owned by a German Community. The building is large and of antique style, fashioned after the pattern of those in the Fatherland. The Community are Prussians, and have all things in common. They number about five hundred, own over 30,000 acres of land, and are very thrifty. They have no ordained minister, but their president preaches to them when it is convenient, and administers the ordinances. They are very honest and moral people. In a few years something can be done in this Community. Their place is situated on the Oregon and California railroad, midway between Portland and Salem, and is a place of great resort to visitors, as they have large pleasure grounds and beautiful gardens, where visitors are allowed to stroll at liberty. They are all very industrious and very prosperous."

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1876.

THE idea evidently prevails among some well-disposed persons that the conductors of the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are earnestly opposed to the old time-honored institution of the Family, and are bent on its speedy destruction. This is a great mistake. Our paper is devoted to "the *enlargement* and *perfection*," not the *destruction* of home; and we advise, and shall continue to advise, every one to stick to the small home until he is certain that he has found something altogether better to take its place—something more effective in securing good order, sound morality, education, and every interest taken in charge by the Family institution. Such a substitute, we are confident, exists in Bible Communism. But we warn people against making the change from Familism to Communism without first counting the cost. Though Communism under right conditions may be as superior to Familism as railroad cars are to old stage-coaches, yet as the cars are inferior to stage-coaches for ordinary roads, so Communism ought never to be attempted on an extended scale without first making sure of right conditions. Work should precede it corresponding to the surveying, grading, laying the track, etc., of a railroad. The AMERICAN SOCIALIST is more interested in the progress of this preliminary work than in new experiments in Communism. Indeed, to attempt Communism without it would be as foolish as to think of running steam-carriages over uneven, stony roads at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Those who favor steam-carriages for well-constructed railroads are not necessarily opposed to stage-coaches; they may even consider them important and indispensable means of communication, and valuable tributaries to railroad lines. So we claim to be among the best friends of the common Family; we regard it as indispensable to the world, the necessary precursor and auxiliary of the new social order of the future.

WE have received the first number of the *Socialist*, a four-paged weekly, *devoted to the organization of the working-classes*. It is significant that hardly is the AMERICAN SOCIALIST fairly launched on the great ocean of literature when another bark, similarly christened, sets sail with flags flying. The *Socialist* promises to record the proceedings of the Trades'-Unions and Working-men's Associations, and is freighted with late intelligence from home and abroad, with selections of poetry, fiction, etc. We could have wished that the new journal had taken a different title, as it may lead to some confusion. However, it will soon be understood that the *Socialist* is the organ of the working-classes, and that the AMERICAN SOCIALIST, while by no means indifferent to their prosperity, seeks to cover the broader field of general Socialism, and to especially represent the various Communities now established in this country.

THE April number of the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* has an interesting article on "Kitchen Management in France," in which the writer, from personal observation, gives in detail the French methods of cooking food as practiced by the million. And certainly, if the picture be not overdrawn (and we have no reason to infer that it is), the rest of the world has a great deal to learn in regard to cooking food for human beings. Many a French mechanic or working-man has his daily dinner scientifically cooked at one-half what it would cost if done at home, to say nothing of the trouble and heat and kitchen odors he escapes. Not the least interesting part of the article is the account of the public "cook shops" of Paris. The French are natural economists, and when they find that Communism in cooking—call it coöperation or combination if you will—is conducive to economy, and that by the sacrifice of a little independence they save money and gain a good dinner, the thing will be done every time, and "done brown." People may object to coöperation in these things now, but the world is surely coming to it in every department of human interest, and it will some day seem just as wise for the ordinary-sized family to insist on doing its own blacksmithing and milling, and keeping its own store, as on doing its own cooking and washing. Speed the time!

COMMUNISM is evidently favorable to health and longevity. Look at the obituary notices in *The Shaker*. The members of the United Order seldom fall off like unripe fruit. Deaths at eighty, eighty-five, ninety, even ninety-eight, are recorded; while those at less than sixty-five and seventy years are exceptional. A late number of *The Shaker*, after noticing the death of a member at the age of ninety-eight, mentions the fact that he was the last of a family of ten, all of whom died at the Shakers at an average age of over seventy-five years. It is just so among other Communistic Societies: visit whatever Society you will, and you are sure to find quite a large proportion of the members well advanced in years, hale and hearty old men and women.

Physiologists tell us that man is gregarious; that it is natural for him to seek the society of his fellows; natural for him to live in masses. We believe it; and we also believe it is more healthy to live in masses than in small families. It is true that large combinations like Communities can command many conveniences which are not enjoyed by ordinary families; greater economies in labor, superior hygienic and sanitary conditions, superior facilities for nursing the sick, taking care of children, etc.; but all these external advantages are scarcely sufficient, it seems to us, to account for the superior health of Communities. It must be, we think, that in the aggregation of numbers there is also an increased power and vitality which resists the encroachments of disease. But whether this be the case or not, the great longevity of Communists is a fact of remarkable significance, and ought to command general attention.

THERE is a vein of thought running through the obituary notices of A. T. Stewart, which indicates the direction of the current of public sentiment. People look with special interest to see if in the disposition of his great wealth he recognized the principle of social responsibility. In an editorial a prominent journal asks, "What surrender shall be made to satisfy the unwritten law of Right which without formulating all men feel?" With the power that wealth gives men expect charitable deeds and public benefactions. If a man gains wealth and lacks in charity his life is considered a failure; his wealth, instead of kindling into a flame that warms and comforts humanity, is like fuel that ends in smoke. In this respect it is pleasant to know that Mr. Stewart's life was neither purposeless nor fruitless. He performed many worthy deeds of charity, while he planned and commenced others. But whether the public will be satisfied when his charitable schemes are carried out or not, the growth of the beneficent influence in the hearts of such men, as well as the public expectation in regard to it, is one of the interesting signs of the times, and an evidence that the spirit which is brooding over humanity is full of hope and promise of the "good time coming."

PARKE GODWIN'S remarks at the Union League Club on the great merchant who died last week disclosed the interesting fact that Mr. Stewart had studied with some thoroughness the question of the relation of Labor and Capital, and had a purpose to contribute something toward its solution:

"Some years ago, when I was in Europe, I spent a good deal of time in visiting the various experiments which were making there toward the solution of that most formidable question—the proper relations of Capital to Labor. I went every-where where I thought I could get instruction upon the subject from practical example, and when I returned, in a conversation with Mr. Stewart, I told him all that I had learned, when to my surprise he said: 'I have been already in correspondence with every man that you have mentioned connected with these movements. I know the history, the bearings, the prospects of every prominent or promising attempt which has been made to settle this dispute.' I say dispute, for though Capital and Labor at heart are one they misunderstand each other, and they misunderstand each other because they are both clamoring all the while for their rights, when the only thing they ought to consider is their respective duties. That generous heart—that same heart which sent the provision-ship to famished Ireland; which brought relief to the cotton-spinners of Lancashire; which followed the fire-fiend when he swept with desolating wing over Chicago; which endowed our Sanitary Commission during the war with so large an endowment—that generous heart had already peered, I may say, if he had not looked fully into, these great social questions; and this great institution for the poor needle-women, this Garden City on Long Island, intended primarily for the working-men, came out of his deep interest in these profound social problems which afflict and threaten our modern civilization."

"HOW LARGE OUGHT HOME TO BE?"

THIS question continues to elicit interesting communications. Those published last week favored the idea that a true integral family must contain at least two hundred members. The following present some cogent reasons in favor of a smaller number. The question is still open, and we cordially invite our friends in the Zoar, Amana, and the other Communities, to aid us in its solution. We especially desire to hear from the Shakers. They have had more varied experiences on this subject than any other Communists, and should be able to point out clearly the advantages of both small and large families, and tell us where the golden mean lies:

April 14, 1876.

EDITOR AMERICAN SOCIALIST:

In your first issue you raise the question, "*How large ought Home to be?*" This is a question of great interest to all; and I trust the accumulated answers you will receive will aid in its solution.

I have lived in homes varying in numbers from one (the bachelor's home) to several hundred; and my experience and observation lead me to regard one hundred and twenty-five as about the right number to form a complete home. I would not have less than seventy-five nor more than one hundred and fifty. In my opinion a home should minister to all the needs of its members, spiritual, intellectual, social and physical. This ordinary monogamic homes cannot do; hence resort is had to churches, colleges, club-rooms, theaters, etc., and in sparsely settled regions of country people are put to great inconvenience and compelled to go great distances to supply cravings as imperative as the hunger for bread. This view alone would not limit the number of persons constituting a Home; but I take the ground that in a perfect home there will be a perfect blending of all interests and perfect vibration in unison of all hearts; and of course thorough mutual acquaintance. My experience and observation convince me that it is exceedingly difficult if not impossible to secure these results in a family of over one hundred and fifty members. The tendency to individual isolation is one of the evils all large families and Communities have to meet, and the larger the family the more chance there is for its growth. Each member of a home should meet all the other members several times a day in order to insure the best flow of social and spiritual magnetism, which is impossible if the numbers reach far into the hundreds.

In simply a monetary view it is undoubtedly best to have large homes of a thousand or more; but money should not have great weight in comparison with a man's spiritual, intellectual and social needs. D. E. S.

April 8, 1876.

DEAR EDITOR SOCIALIST:—I read the first number of your paper with interest. Social science is to become the engrossing topic of the century, I think; and I should'nt wonder if the forces of the in-world were more interested, this centennial year, in its evolutions and successes than in the prosperous issue of the political problems which the republic of America is solving. After all, good political institutions are only stepping-stones, as it were, to the precious gift of a suitable social organization in which man and woman can best lead a pure life, attain to the highest degree of spiritual, intellectual, and moral liberty, and pursue those plans fitted to their best development and their deserts.

In your salutatory you put the question, "*How large ought Home to be?*" As a Socialist, I am both theoretically and practically interested in this query, and will venture to give you one woman's opinion about the matter.

Fourier, in his ideal organization of associations or phalansteries, multiplies the series upon which his grand social harmonies depend to such an extent that his communistic bodies number thousands. This all sounds very well, but one who has practically lived Communism sees the matter in other lights. It is a well-known law that "results are not exactly proportioned to appliances." Any one who has observed the practical workings of what are known as "modern conveniences" in any household, big or small, will readily see the truth of this. In the every-day workings of Socialistic organization it is a law that should be taken into account. There is, to my mind, such a thing as making your Communities so large that the benefits of coöperation begin to be balanced by its inconveniences. By large

Communities I mean those living under one roof, having one kitchen, dining-room, laundry, meeting-hall, etc.

Any one who has had practical experience in Socialistic organization knows that there is always this balance to be struck; that is to say: in giving up private familism for Communism one must sacrifice something hitherto thought valuable, for the new good obtained. It is the old adage reversed, "There is no great gain without some small loss." While Communism, on the one hand, gives more pleasurable, wholesome results at less expense than private familism, at the same time avoiding its evils; on the other hand, in common with all the luxuries and conveniences of life, Communism brings its own peculiar trials and contingencies: any advocate of Socialism not wildly fanatical, or else experimentally ignorant of the subject he is handling, takes cognizance of this and makes allowance accordingly.

But to the point:

Several hundred, or a thousand, or several thousand people, if living together, must of course have a pretty big house to hold them. Now I don't suppose that such men as Fourier and his prominent disciples, Considérant, Hennequin, Doherty, Brisbane, and the rest, in planning their huge phalansteries based on profound scientific principles, ever considered the practical matter of taking care of such houses. This immediately occurs to a woman. It seems to me that the limits of woman's average strength and endurance is a unit that should have influential place in computing the net beneficial results of association.

To make a simple, practical illustration: A writer on physiological matters once said that it took ten times more muscular strength to go up stairs than it does to go the same distance on a level. Whether these figures are correct or not, every one knows that it takes more strength to climb than to walk straight forward; and it takes strength to walk any way. From this premise results can be figured with almost mathematical precision; thus: given a certain amount of strength as the average belonging to woman, and a certain amount of work which can be accomplished by this strength; then, if to the work to be done there is added long corridors and flights of stairs to be traversed while doing, or going to, the given amount of work, it is evident that the strength thus used (in excess of that which would be expended in the walking that would yield not much other result than a healthy, stimulative one), will have to be subtracted from the given amount of strength for accomplishing the given amount of work. This subtraction increased beyond a certain point would subvert the economical results sought by socialistic organizations as regards the application of strength to labor. Thus we see there is one limit as to the size of Community buildings, and hence of families.

The "golden mean" between the small family and the huge phalanstery must be at that point where the *advantages* of coöperation are greatest and the *dis*advantages of size and numbers least. Opinions will greatly differ as to where this point lies.

The position I take above as regards the travel and work entailed in very large buildings (remember I am supposing a Community where little, if any, of the work is hired, which is very different from one employing many hirelings, who labor their ten hours a day), will apply to all the details of housework, and is a difficulty by no means entirely obviated were all large Communities wealthy enough to have steam-elevators. Kitchen accommodations can be so multiplied that the size of the pots and kettles, to say nothing of the stove-covers and pokers even, outgrow the capabilities of a woman's biceps. Of course, it is to be supposed that in Communal organizations men will help in such places; but, unless they do *all* the work, there seems to me a limit to the desirableness of the size of the family to be furnished with food from one kitchen.

To leave housework and go to higher things:

The size of a meeting-hall, and the family who hold daily meetings therein, should be somewhat limited, it seems to me, by the average and convenient range of the human voice. Any one who desires such gatherings to retain the familiar, homey feeling of a small family, combined with the magnetic, inspiring influence of a Community, can readily see that a gathering so large as to force speakers to adopt an unusually loud utterance will take on more or less stiffness, while freedom to speak and ability to hear will decrease, in a ratio more or less proportioned to the increase of size beyond a certain point.

Again, Communities which include among their industries the rearing of children I do not think should be excessively large, because I believe that aggregation beyond a certain extent of adults, and much more of children, brings with it certain undesirable contingencies with regard to noise and nervous strain. However, in the course of generations of socialistic living such difficulties may be gradually obviated.

I have lived in Communities of from two to three hundred, and from fifteen to sixty members. The former I thought somewhat too large, and the latter much too small for model Communal Homes. My ideal of socialistic organization is to have several houses containing families of about one hundred each in close proximity, with perhaps stores, various work-shops, etc., in common, but separate kitchens, dining-rooms and meeting-halls; for while I consider a family of a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five the maximum size at which the balance of the conveniences of coöperation in daily home life is greatest, there are certain advantages of Communism which are greatest when the aggregation amounts to hundreds. Among these I put the chance for rotation of work and change of responsibilities, which is increased in ratio to the increase of numbers. As important is the ability to be self-supporting and at the same time give certain ones leisure for such pursuits as teaching, lecturing, writing, etc., as well as time each day for all members of the corporation to read and study. The plan of groups of Communities would secure all this without the disadvantages of excessive aggregation under one roof.

After all, there are so many tastes on this point, and such a nice balancing of the *pros* and *cons*, that I would advocate considerable variety in the size of Communities. In some mental and physical conditions a Community of twenty or thirty is preferable. At other times, and for some temperaments, a huge phalanstery, accommodating a thousand or more, provided steam-heating, elevators, and all the most approved "modern conveniences" are included, looks attractive. As for me, I have passed a score of happy years in a family of two hundred and over.

Socialism is yet in its infancy. What may we not hope of its manhood? Truly yours, A. E. H.

CHEAP TURKISH BATHS.

II.

"MY MURDERED DEAD, AND MY REVENGE!"

Of course you have read Tyndall on "Heat as a Mode of Motion." I know it is simply worse than preposterous in me to criticise one word of that masterly effort. It is most excellent so far as it goes; but the trouble is that it don't go far enough. I'll tell you what. Not one word does it say about heat motioning disease out of the pestered human system—about its giving the "git-up-and-git" to colds, chills, fever and ague, rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy, and the what-nots—in fact, about its casting out the devils of disorder. A great defect, most assuredly.

Shall I now tell you, not *what* heat as such a mode of motion has done for me—I told you all that last week—but *how* it did it? Well, as I said before, I took a light bath just two hours after my arrival on Monday evening, *April* 3. My two hours' previous rest had not really rested me at all, though I felt in courtesy bound to appear as little fatigued as possible. But my fatigue soon disappeared in the Bath, and when I came out I left it there altogether. And that one treatment successfully "headed off" a very heavy and debilitating night-sweat which I felt coming on; though the still raging storm and a "strange bed" kept me awake several hours during the night.

Tuesday, *April* 4.—The storm still raging. Commenced snowing in the afternoon. Very disagreeable weather. Took no bath. Slept well, but had a very gentle night-sweat.

Wednesday, *April* 5.—The real storm over, but still windy and "raw," with considerable snow-drifts in places. About noon took a thorough bath, graduating myself up to a very high heat—198 degrees. In the midst of this double torridity a chill came on, and tried its best to gain the ascendant; but the shampooing nipped it in its arctic bud. After a thorough course of washing, rubbing, kneading, squeezing, slapping, spatting, and spraying with warm, cool, cold, and very cold water, I was taken back to the highest seat of hottest honor. Owing to my exalted state, a slight dizziness overtook me, but it was immediately driven away by another (slight) shampooing and spraying. In the afternoon had my hair cut—those long locks which had been making a goodly growth ever since last fall, and which I dared not sooner curtail for fear of immediately catching a very severe cold—my unfailing fate for years after such a barbarous treatment. Now, however, I surrendered to the operation in full faith, and never a bit of a cold did I catch. Took another moderate bath in the evening, and went to bed feeling very comfortable; but awoke in the dead of night with the severest chill I ever had in my life—indeed, I may well call it a "shake," as I soon discovered that my teeth were diligently playing some very lively bone-music. However, I soon got warm again, and slept comfortably, and with no night-sweat up to a rather late hour.

Thursday, *April* 6.—Up bright and early. Soon after breakfast ascended Mount Tom to the very top; part of the way *in my shirt sleeves*. Could no more have done such a feat as this last week than jump to the moon. If I had then attempted such a freak I would have been dripping with perspiration, and then caught a violent cold. Ate large chunks of snow, rolled rocks down hill, jumped about promiscuously, hung by my ankles from tree-branches, and did lots of other very unseemly things, which, had my folks at home seen me perpetrating, would, I am sure, have greatly surprised and alarmed them! Then hastened down to the bath-room, and experienced about the most thorough promise and potency of "heroic treatment" that was ever inflicted on any body here. Mr. Easton, being a famous athlete and prize oarsmen, knows how to do it perfectly. His is the cordial grip, I tell you! I felt as if I were being boiled like a shirt, pounded to a jelly, molded like dough, whipped like a custard, and hosed like a house a-fire—and all this twice running! No wonder I immediately fell asleep in the cooling-room, with nothing but a thin sheet around me and a wrapper on my feet! Awoke; and for the second and third time I had quite a taste of the hot and spraying rooms. At last I cooled off thoroughly and left. In the evening I had another good full bath, with a thorough dose of Mr. Herrick's severe but rhythmical hand-whipping—quite characteristic of the man. Slept well under light bed-clothing, having made quite a change in this respect ever since I began taking the baths.

Friday, *April* 7.—A cold, frosty morning; but my skin felt so toned up, I made quite a radical change in clothing, as I told you last week. Walked up Mount Tom, climbed trees again, ate snow, and rolled rocks. No, thank you; no bath this morning for me. *I am well.* Wrote for hours, with scarcely any fire in my little stove, and the door and window-sills of my room, being full of chinks, made it quite drafty. But *I don't catch cold any more.* I am thoroughly proof against weather, night-sweat and neuralgia! Yet, withal, I feel so deliciously drowsy and sleepy, that I have determined to spend most of the day in "inviting my soul." To-night I know I shall rest for ten or eleven hours in Sleepy Hollow itself—a thing I have not done before for many, many years! I feel—I feel like taking a nap *now;* and I will. As I am preparing for this afternoon snooze I am filled with the spirit of a new ambition! I aspire to become a professional bath-giver and shampooer myself. That's to the point—eh? I shall go and take up my abode in those Tartarean regions, and work my own sweet will on the helpless victims whom I may catch therein. I feel myself transfigured into the Demon of the Hammam! For all the torments I have there endured I shall yet have my sweet revenge, and the impudence besides to report all my dark deeds to you. That's it—exactly. We understand each other now. It is true I shall be also learning at the same time and all at once the civilized trades of cook, washerwoman, baker, hostler, school-ma'am, fireman, and bell-ringer; but that's a secondary consideration altogether. I want my revenge for all the brow-beating which I have meekly submitted to, and revenge I will have. And besides, I have lost my *dear* Ague (and it was *dumb* too, poor little thing!), my pet Night-sweat and my sweet Neuralgia; and I will *not* be comforted. T. C. E.

Wallingford, Conn., April 7, 1876.

Postscript.—Wednesday Morning, April 12. I have had my revenge. I have thoroughly baked and dished up every poor wretch I could capture within the precincts of my infernal den ever since Friday. I have followed to the very letter the ancient (and modern schoolboy) iron rule—"Do unto others as others have done unto you," *alias*, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." But I shall tell you all about my dark deeds in my next, and how I over-exposed myself in torturing my victims, and what was the result, and how sticking to the warm corner of my lair brought me out all right again. I shall also (dropping the above metaphors now and forever) detail in brief my bath experiences in Europe several years ago, for which I paid such high fees, and how they compare with my experience in this wonderfully *cheap* and *effective* establishment of the Wallingford Printing Company. T. C. E.

In common life there is quite a distinction between woman's every-day dress and the dress in which she appears in company or goes to church. She has fine clothes for company, and *déshabillé* for home. The effect of Communism is to abolish both *déshabillé* and fine dress. In a household of two or three hundred, women are enough in company all the time to keep their pride of appearance awake, and at the same time are enough at home to make simplicity appropriate. These conditions naturally develop a certain manner of dress, which is neither negligent nor fine. In Communism women can attend meeting without going into the street or among strangers; so the thousand changing styles of bonnets and veils, cloaks and furs, go by and leave them in peace; yet as they attend meeting every evening instead of once a week, it makes occasion for a certain attention to dress that others do not have. Sunday

dress and every-day dress have to make a compromise, and the result is a dress of a medium character.

This is the change which comes over women in Community life; they are more particular to be neat in the morning and less particular to be fine in the evening; and what means and taste they expend on dress are expended on their home, every-day dress.

SPIRITUALISTIC.

THE controversy over the paraffine molds obtained through the mediumship of Mrs. Hardy grows hotter, and makes nearly as much excitement among believers as did the Katie King exposure in Philadelphia. After a careful examination of both sides, as represented in the *Banner of Light* and *Spiritual Scientist*, we find ourselves as much as ever in the dark. So far as dignity of tone and fairness of argument can affect judgment in the lack of positive evidence, we think the advantage is on the side of Mrs. Hardy and her friends. Nothing has been brought forward against her that does not admit a satisfactory explanation if we suppose her to be a genuine medium. Many things happen around such a person from which a suspicious skeptic might make capital. An article in a late number of the *London Spiritualist* by M. Butlerof, Professor of Chemistry in the University of St. Petersburg, shows how, after several sittings with Mr. Williams, he became strongly suspicious of fraud. He says: "I came away from Williams with the worst impressions. I could not shake off the strong and unpleasant suspicion that I had been the whole evening the sport of a number of persons, strangers to me, but well known to one another." These sittings were public ones. Afterwards the Professor got Williams to his hotel, and with a friend held five sittings. Two of these, he says, "were of a nature to leave no further room for doubt" of the genuineness of the medium. If the Professor had left the matter after his first series of sittings he might have felt himself justified in publishing Williams as a fraud. Those who have had any experience must be aware of the mysterious connection which exists between a circle composed of suspicious, evil-thinking persons and tricks on the part of the spirits if not of the medium. The cheap exposures which are having such a run are doubtless working a lasting benefit in making impostors unpopular, but they really do little to solve the scientific problems involved in this greatest of mysteries.

THE Baron Von Dirkinck-Holmfield publishes a curious story in the *London Spiritualist* of March 31st about the tricks played upon him by the spirits at the séances of Herne and Williams about five years ago. His hat was taken from the piano in a lighted room; subsequently his watch and purse were abstracted; and it was only after six hours of sitting that he prevailed on the mischievous "Katie" to restore his property so that he could leave the house. The editor of the *Spiritualist*, Mr. W. H. Harrison, in a note says that such pranks were common at Herne and Williams's séances at that time, but, fortunately for the mediums, were played only upon their acquaintances. He then makes the astounding assertion: "Once, in broad daylight, Mr. Harrison's hat and umbrella vanished while he was looking at them, and no one was visible within yards of them; the spirits by detaining them kept him prisoner on the premises for several hours, in spite of his protestations; then said that the articles were in a wardrobe up-stairs, which was found to be the case."

THE old Jewish belief in demons or evil spirits, who have the power of obsessing human beings, seems to be steadily gaining ground among Spiritualists. On every hand we hear of diakka, elementaries, deceptive spirits who are responsible for the tricks of mediums, and other wicked beings who, taken all together, present as many undesirable traits as have been recognized in the orthodox Satan. What makes this drift of opinion more remarkable is, that it is directly contrary to the predictions of the original Spiritualists. Thus Andrew Jackson Davis, who has in late years introduced the *diakka* to us, set out thirty years ago on an exposition of the spiritual universe, which was suffused through and through with the light of universal harmony—the catalogued seven ascending spheres beginning at the first, the summer-land, which all men enter at death; but before he had finished his description of the state of the blessed as low down as the third sphere, his exceptionally flowery imagination halted, and went lamely through the remaing four, leaning on the poor stick, "it is impossible to describe." Swedenborg's graphic descriptions of the descending series of hells were entirely set aside by the apostles of the new Spiritualism, who saw nothing to mar the universal happiness in the summer-land. The experience of thirty years has, however, changed all this. Was the old Bible faith in diabolical possessions based on the solid ground of experience?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W.—Your objections to Mr. Burt's conclusion that he had to do with materialized spirits at Mrs. Huntoon's are well put, and are such as always arise in the minds of people of common sense. At the same time we do not think it best to publish them in the AMERICAN SOCIALIST, because the Spiritualist newspapers both here and in England have been filled ever since the beginning of the movement with just such arguments and answers to them, without really advancing us in the solution of the mystery a single step. Mr. Burt gave us the facts as they seemed true to him. He thinks he was not "biologized," and that he recognized his friend. You, on the contrary, think he was in some way victimized. So it goes and has gone for these last twenty-five years. Any one who will take the pains to look thoroughly into the subject will find that personal opinion as to what suits our ideas of the possible or impossible in this matter, passes for very little. If not, why have not Carpenter, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer and the materialists of the Buchner school converted Spiritualists to the opinion that there is nothing supernatural in Spiritualism? and why have not Hare, Mapes, Edmonds, Epes Sargent, Robert Dale Owen, Crookes, Varley and Wallace convinced unbelieving mankind to the contrary opinion? Personal opinion, unaccompanied by more cogent arguments than have yet been advanced, is of little use except when coming from men of the very highest reputation in other lines of thought. The opinion of these men, added to one side or the other, helps the general advance of public thought, which will lead to more and more thorough investigation until the problem is solved. In the meantime we can all help by keeping up the fire of well-authenticated facts and contributing what we have of new thought, which will provoke the attention of the world. To illustrate: you object, as thousands have done before, to the darkness in which the séances are held; you call this a "suspicious circumstance;" and so it is. But if the fact shall finally become established that light exerts a disturbing influence on mediumistic phenomena, all the suspicions of skeptics with reference to this point will prove to have been a mere waste of thought. The real question, after getting carefully on our guard against deception, is not, Are the circumstances suspicious? but, Can we get at the truth in spite of suspicious circumstances? A scientific man who cannot go into the dark and use his discriminating faculties to ferret out the truth is poorly trained, we think.

REVIEW.

THE UNSEEN WORLD. By John Fiske. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., 1876.

The title of this book is somewhat misleading, as the essay which gives it the name occupies only about 60 pages of the whole 337. The others are on a wide range of subjects, all relating to the world of sense, and all are reviews of books and works of art, contributed from time to time to periodicals and now collected in a volume. The selection of the Unseen World to lead the rest and name the book evidently aims at the rising popular interest in the question of immortality discussed from the scientific side. Mr. Fiske is a master of pure style, and on the flow of his lucid English the reader threads the perplexing labyrinth of a philosophical discussion with little sense of fatigue. However, one becomes aware of an undefined suspicion that he is carried on too easily to definite conclusions. Mr. Fiske seems to have adopted the vocation of universal critic from the stand-point of evolution. As such his reading has been very extensive, but he has acquired the habit of putting forward his general knowledge with an air of certainty and completeness which tends too strongly to the definite establishment of his opinions. Thus we are told on page 8, that the nebular hypothesis accounts for the relative size and distances of the planets and for the abortive space occupied by the asteroids; that "Saturn besides having the greatest number of moons would be likely to retain some of his inner rings unbroken;" that "the primitive rotating spheroidal solar nebula is not a matter of assumption, but is just what must once have existed;" that "we may fairly regard this stupendous process as a veritable matter of history," etc. Now Mr. R. A. Proctor is probably good authority on the existing state of astronomical problems, and he says,* "It (Laplace's nebular hypothesis) does not account for the strange disposition of the masses of the solar system .... Laplace's theory gives no account of their peculiarities;.... does not correspond with processes taking place at the present time." He then proposes to consider another process of development which may "give a better account of the evolution of the planetary system than that impossible process of nebulous rotation which Laplace conceived before it was as yet known that the process *is* impossible." It is also well known that Saturn's rings present insuperable difficulties when viewed as condensing nebulous masses, and it has been proved by Harvard astonomers that they must be a congeries of solid bodies.

Without stopping to examine the hypothesis which Mr. Proctor proposes to substitute for Laplace's, it is plain that if the latter had so fully explained the condition of the solar system as Mr. Fiske would lead us to believe, no ground would have been left for an objector to stand upon.

The feeling of insecurity engendered by the discovery of such loose conclusions as this accompanies us through the essays on "The Jesus of History" and "The Christ of Dogma" where we find extremely dogmatic views of the results of German criticism upon the New Testament. We know from other sources that German criticism upon the literature of early Christianity is in advance of that of other nations; but we are inclined to think that it covers a wider range of opinion than Mr. Fiske allows, and that the theory that only four of Paul's epistles are genuine is not the universal result of German Biblical criticism, as he would have us believe.

Mr. Fiske's theory of the spiritual world is that it is entirely removed from any possible connection with the world of matter, except in organic bodies, and that we can form no conception of the nature of that world as being in any way similar to the world of matter. But any attempt to epitomize his argument would be useless, for he condenses so admirably himself that it would be necessary to quote almost the whole. He cannot avoid the usual jibe at the Spiritualism of the day.

The article on American and Athenian life is an interesting one to Socialists, whose aim is to avoid the evils of competition which make modern society so unsatisfactory. A true social organization should furnish us with the leisure which rounded the culture of the Greeks without basing it upon the labor of slaves. The other essays are entertaining, and show the author in the character of musical and literary critic.

Of all the followers of Herbert Spencer in this country Mr. Fiske seems most liberal toward religion in the present and the past, and in his criticism of Dr. Draper's Conflict between Religion and Science he presents very clearly the truth that there cannot be any conflict of the kind; that the turmoil which has gained such a name is caused simply by the disagreement of more crude with less crude scientific theories. Sometimes religion is found entangled in the strife, but only from ignorance on the part of the combatants.

* The Expanse of Heaven, p. 182.

WOMEN IN OLD AND NEW TIMES.

LECTURE BY GEO. W. CURTIS.

[From the New-York Tribune.]

The past is always the golden age. The glamour of distance makes beauty more beautiful, and valor more heroic; and prosaic fate seems to have thrown us on the lees of time and in the world's decrepitude. While we read, history and poetry seem full of the heroic. Philip Sidney, bending from his saddle to offer a cup of cold water to the wounded soldier, was a hero. But see that gunner at Gettysburg, who, falling wounded and tortured by thirst, called out: "Johnny! Johnny! for the love of God a drop of water!" "Ah, Jemmy, there is not a drop in my canteen, and if I go to get any the enemy will take the gun." "No matter, Johnny, stand to your gun;" and when the line moved forward it moved over Jemmy's dead body. Three hundred years ago it would have been as beautiful a self-sacrifice as Philip Sidney's. All that was best in the old times we have now. So experience interprets history and poetry, and the truth of to-day scatters the glamour of the past. All ages have been deplored. We see to-day appalling extravagance and luxury. They cry, "The dress of a fashionable woman costs her husband thousands of dollars! It was not so in the simple old times." Softly, softly. Queen Elizabeth, happy owner of 3,000 dresses, issued a proclamation against extravagance. We bewail a degenerate society—so sordid, so gross. Our young men are only fit, it is said, to smoke cigars and play billiards and talk slang; our young women to be French dolls perched upon high-heeled shoes, pinching their waists almost to a vanishing point, piling high upon their heads died tow and horse hair, making an affectation of simplicity; but were they simpler in the old times? Dick Steele, in his account of the mock trial of a young woman for wearing a monstrous silk petticoat embroidered with diamonds, says that when the judge ordered it drawn up with pulleys, it covered the place where the judges were sitting with a silken rotunda like St. Peter's.

We cry out against political corruption, and justly fear for the moral foundations of the Government. I have seen a man in the lobby of the Legislature brandish bank bills, and openly boast, "That makes the laws!" While I winced, I remembered that in the time of Walpole the British King bought men as he would haunches of meat. When foolish

imagination sighs for the old time, it forgets that the old time was cruel, superstitious, and gross. The men of the old time hated personal, political, and religious liberty; they were times when men died faster in the open country than in the dirtiest lane of our city to-day. The whole progress of civilization is in the emancipation from the theories and manners of the old time. We do not excuse our own age, but when we sigh for a return of the past let us remember that its greatest glory was the divine discontent with those times. One commanding and supreme indication of the world's progress is its higher and better estimate of woman. The position of woman is always the test of society. To-day as I stand in the ample halls of some great school, filled with the hum of industrious and happy life, I remember that in the girl of the age of Pericles all scholastic diligence would have been accepted as evidence of evil design. In the golden age of Athens the most accomplished women belonged to an outlawed class.

Mr. Curtis then humorously described the discussions that were carried on in Dean Swift's time as to whether it would be prudent to marry a woman who had good, natural sense, some taste, and was able to read understandingly the literature of the day. It was said that there were radical objections against an intelligent wife; that the natural levity of women needed a ballast of ignorance and stupidity. And such was the tenderness of the sex that the women consented to remain ignorant that they might be equal to their husbands. This was slow to change. Not more than 60 years ago Sidney Smith spoke of the disparity between the knowledge of men and women, and intimated that women should cultivate household duties to the exclusion of all other acquirements. "That is an insulting idea of woman," said the lecturer, "which makes her happy when her husband brings her home a bracelet and screaming when a mouse hops across the floor. She is not the fine lady of the fashion plates, but Hebe, joyous with health and pouring nectar, fitly married to Hercules, strongest of the gods. Is the Portia Shakespeare has drawn less beautiful because a wise young judge, less truly feminine than Juliet whispering her love from a balcony?" Mr. Curtis sketched the great caution with which the Pilgrims and early settlers of New England dealt out a little education to their girls, and in a strain of the keenest irony told how Boston, trembling for the bulwarks of freedom, opened a high school for girls, and stood aghast at the immense attendance upon it and the eager acceptance of its privileges. The notion that the education and usefulness of women should be confined to home simply because men had an idea that that was her "sphere," was ridiculed and disposed of by argument and copious illustration. "Yesterday has gone and to-day has come. The fretted slave of the Greek household, and the idle toy and doll of the age of Chesterfield, has given place to a better idea; and we go forward with God's help to find the true woman in the free American homes."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

RECENT AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS.

The late explorations of Lieut. Cameron in Central Africa are of great importance as determining some doubtful points connected with this region. Cameron walked across the African continent from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo river, a distance of about two thousand miles in a direct line. Going first to Lake Tanganyika, about six hundred miles from the east coast, he discovered what Burton and Livingstone had never found, the existence of a large stream flowing from the southern part of this Lake and running in a westerly direction. This river subsequently empties into the Lualaba, at a point above where Livingstone saw the latter stream, and the two form a very large river, which Livingstone describes as being two miles broad in some places, while in others it widens into lakes of considerable size.

The Lualaba with its tributaries form the great water system of this part of Central Africa; but Livingstone was able to ascertain neither its source nor its subsequent course. It was his belief, however, that it formed a part of the headwaters of the Nile; and he held this opinion to the last. This, however, is disproved by the investigations of Lieut. Cameron, who seems to have quite conclusively determined that the Lualaba is simply the upper Congo. Although he did not succeed in following it through its entire length; owing to the hostility of some of the native chiefs, his observations along its course were such as to leave no doubt as to the identity of the two streams. The fact that he followed the Lualaba to a point but fourteen hundred feet above the level of the sea is sufficient to demonstrate the impossibility of any connection between it and the Nile system; as the Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza, out of which the White Nile flows, have a higher level than this.

It seems certain in the light of Lieut. Cameron's discoveries, that the Congo or Lualaba flows from Lake Tanganyika to the west coast, a distance of twelve hundred miles, making no allowance for the windings of the river; and if further examination should prove, as is probable, that the outlet of Tanganyika is not the main stream but only a tributary, its total length is doubtless much greater. From all the data we have we should estimate the total length of the Congo at not less than two thousand miles; making it only second, and hardly inferior in importance to the Nile among African rivers. As compared with that of the Nile the country through which this river flows is the more abundantly watered, fertile, and rich in mineral wealth of the two, and is in every way adapted to become the home of a civilized population.

Electricity is coming more and more into use in the management of railroads. In Great Britain, where most of the railroads have double tracks, the chief source of danger seems to be from rear collisions—a train, running into the end of the one preceding it. This is especially true on some of the great lines, where several hundred trains a day are passing in each direction. A new plan for preventing this form of accident has been lately introduced upon some of the roads in Scotland, and promises to be the most effectual safeguard against rear collisions which has yet been discovered. It is the invention of a Dr. Whyte, and we find it described as an automatic electrical alarm working on an "open circuit," which not only causes a signal of danger to be displayed at each station after the passage of a train, until the next station is passed, but rings a bell upon the engine of any train which attempts to pass the signal of danger. To make it more clear: A train starting from any station immediately causes a signal (semaphore) of danger to be displayed. This signal is only removed by the train or engine passing the next following station. Thus the whole road is divided into signal stations which are closed or "blocked" while any train is passing over that section. Now if an engine should disregard this danger-signal and enter one of these "blocked" sections, an alarm would be instantly sounded *upon* that engine by a small wheel and metallic brush coming in contact with and closing the "circuit" on the road bed. Each train also "signals" its approach to a station, and a station-master can at any time stop a train upon his section by sounding an alarm upon the engine of the running train. This latter feature may finally lead to important results. If a station-master can signal and stop a train in motion by sounding an alarm upon the engine, we see no reason why that feature of the system may not be so perfected and extended, that the superintendent or train-dispatcher, sitting in his office hundreds of miles away, can have complete control of the trains whether standing at stations or in motion. If, upon consulting his telegraphic chart, he should discover two trains approaching each other and in danger of a collision, he can at once stop both engines by sounding an alarm upon them. A system something like this one perfected by Dr. Whyte, though not so complete, has long been in use upon some of our New England roads. Each train signals its approach to a station and displays a signal of danger, which is only withdrawn by the train passing the station. This system is intended for the protection of highway crossings, and is of little or no use in preventing rear collisions.

CHOWDER.

The *Stamboul*, published at Constantinople, alludes gravely to "that little affair of Gen. Schenck with the woman, Emma Mine."

Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, has come to see us. May he learn much about honest government and practical statesmanship!

Miss Anna E. Dickinson is soon to make her appearance on the stage in Boston, in a historical melodrama written by herself.

The cottage at Chappaqua, which for nearly twenty years was the country home of Horace Greeley, was totally destroyed by fire a few days ago.

The managers of the Centennial have decided that all who pay the regular admission fee to this fair shall be admitted to the next one as "dead heads."

A committee of Chicago's citizens waited on Mayor Calvin the other day, and asked him to resign. They don't think he is a good mayor. He mayor may not.

The silver bill as it passed the House was amended by the Senate so that the new silver dollar will be legal tender only for sums not exceeding $20. In a week or so, chink! chink!

The public debt of Spain is $3,500,000,000, or about the same as that of Great Britain—the interest on it being greater than the total revenue of the kingdom.

Twenty-two strokes of the fire-alarm bells will hereafter tell the Boston boys and girls when it rains too hard to go to school. O, that I were a boy again, and lived in Boston!

Four cases of corruption have just been brought to light in the cabinet of Greece. Greece is thirty or forty centennials ahead of us, and old enough to set us a better example.

An American book publisher recently sent to Tourquineff, the Russian novelist, a draft for two hundred dollars, as an expression of the pleasure derived by American readers from his stories.

What next! A Mr. O. S. Hosmer has invented a darning-machine, which is said to darn the biggest hole in a very short time. Blessings on Mr. Hosmer! Now we can wear holes in the heels of our stockings with impunity.

The news from Iceland is gratifying. Their volcanoes have been raining pumice-stone during the winter, which serves as manure to the land. Will not our Connecticut friends take the hint and start Mount Carmel as a fish-guano volcano?

The Turks report a great victory over the Bosnians; but then, it is easy enough for a Turk to make those Bosnians run; he just turns round and starts for the nearest shelter as fast as he can go. If he dare look back he sees the Bosnians running like antelopes. Of course, a Turkish victory.

The inventive genius of many newspaper correspondents is at present severely taxed in the production of new and luridly colored fables concerning the possible candidates for the Presidency. The victims might say with the frogs in the fable, "Boys! it may be fun for you, but it is death to us!"

Steinberger, the American who has for some time past been Prime Minister to the king of the Samoan Islands, has fallen. There is an unauthenticated rumor that the Samoans, having had a taste of his rule, concluded they would next like a taste of him, as he is a fat, juicy man; but he fled to an English man-of-war for protection.

Some ingenious man has invented a "joggle" detector for school children. He arranges each seat in such a way that if one boy reaches out hand or foot to joggle another, he completes an electric circuit, and cannot withdraw the guilty limb till he is released by the teacher. All we need now is some way of injecting small boys with fluid extract of spelling-books.

Mr. Stewart bequeathed to Judge Hilton, as a mark of regard and for his services in settling his estate, $1,000,000; to several persons who had long and faithfully served him in business, from $5,000 to $20,000; $15,500 to his servants; to those who had been in his employment twenty years, $1,000; and for ten years, $500. His property is mainly given to his wife, who is requested to complete his provisions for various public charities.

A statue of Abraham Lincoln, the memorial of colored people, was unveiled on the 14th inst. It represents Mr. Lincoln standing erect, with the Proclamation of Emancipation in his left hand, while the right hand is outstretched over the kneeling figure of a slave, from whose limbs the shackles have just been freed. Upon the base of the monument is the word "Emancipation." Frederick Douglass was the orator of the occasion.

Astute as a juvenile must be, according to popular belief, to recognize infallibly his paternal parent, a double portion would hardly suffice for two youngsters now stopping in a Des Moines boarding-house. They were born one afternoon just at the same instant, and both the confiding mothers intrusted their darlings to the same nurse to wash and dress. Not being business men the parcels were not "tagged." The nurse very naturally mixed them up, and the mothers decided which was which by drawing lots.

The movement favoring the substitution of the Latin for the German letter wherever the latter is used will be cheered by hundreds of thousands outside of Germany. There ought to be little difficulty in passing from one to the other; tradesmen and the railway companies have long used the Latin type, and many German scientific works have already been printed with it. The German style of letter had its origin in the thirteenth century, when it was the fashion to adorn the Latin letters by adding points and flourishes. These pointed letters cannot with strictness be called German however, as they were at one time in almost universal use. They were abandoned by all nations except the Germans, and how our Teutonic friends could have stuck to such antiquated folly so long is the wonder.

Originality.—It is only the shallow critic who mistakes the meaning of the phrase original, and is forever detecting quotation or plagiarism. There are more parallel passages, and there is less plagiarism, in the world than most persons dream of. The simple fact is that all truth is one; whoever has the genius to break through the shells of things and make his way into the very center and heart, brings back the same report as his deep-seeing neighbor. The character of the report varies with the individual; but sometimes it happens to vary little, or not at all from his neighbor's story, and then comes the unwise critic with his charge of larceny.

—*Scribner's Magazine for March.*

SCRAPS OF CORRESPONDENCE.

From Philadelphia, Pa.—Many Socialists have been exceedingly thankful to the Communities which have practically demonstrated the wisdom of Christ's teaching that "we should love our neighbor as ourself." And now we are glad that those who have had so much experience in Socialism have commenced the publication of the American Socialist, which will afford us an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with one another, and thus ascertain how many can harmonize so that they can live together in the bonds of peace and love. To assist in this grand object you have undertaken of making Socialism practical, arrangements should be made in Philadelphia for the suitable accommodation of all Socialists who intend to visit the Centennial. I purpose selecting a large dwelling on a railroad convenient to the City and the Centennial buildings, and have a kind of coöperative home, where every facility may be afforded for obtaining all desired information in regard to the Centennial and also the grander subject of Socialism, by having a library containing all the books and papers relating to the subject. A place of this kind is absolutely needed, where Socialists may meet and interchange views on the feasibility of organizing various coöperative labor movements, Associations or Communities. I should like to hear from all who wish to assist in having a suitable, economical place, where they may enjoy themselves in meeting congenial, earnest souls, who are ready to work for the good of humanity. Those who intend to visit the Centennial will please state when they intend to come and what accommodations they will require. Yours truly,

Geo. D. Henck.

1204 *Collowhill-st., Philadelphea, Pa.*

From Boston, Mass.—It is with great pleasure that I send my name to you as a subscriber to the American Socialist. I bave been waiting patiently for the movement that will surely come in this free country of ours, and I hail as a bright omen the advent of a Socialistic paper that I hope will have a true catholic tone, and embrace all who labor for this grand idea however much we may vary or differ in details.

J. T. C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To M. E. H., New-York.—Charles Sears and Tappan Townsend may be addressed at Silkville, Kansas; Samuel Leavitt at No. 5 Worth St., New-York city.

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